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THE INHUMAN GHOUL OF THE BATTLE-FIELD WHO SLAYS THE WOUNDED AND RAPES THE HELPLESS—IN THE BACKGROUND THE ANGEL OF MERCY WHO HEALS AND COMFORTS

A Letter from Your Boy

By EUSTACE VYNNE

Base Hospital 113,
Somewhere in France

Dear Dad:

Now don't be frightened 'cause this writing isn't mine.

I'm all right, that is, almost all right—At least I'm feeling fine.

I'm in a nice clean Red Cross bed, (this is written by my nurse),

A bit of shrapnel got me—it could be a whole lot worse.

The whistle blew near morning; it had rained, sir, all that night,

But we yelled as we went over; we were hungry for the fight.

Our barrage was thundering overhead, their star shells lit the sky,

For the dawn seemed slow in coming. The mud, Dad, was waist high.

The machine guns' vicious rattle swelled to a sullen roar

And the Huns were firing gas bombs but we evened up the score.

My buddie, Jack, from Denver, sank back a bleeding mess,

I wasn't scared, Dad, not a bit, but mad clear through I guess.

And then the shrapnel hit me. I went down, Dad, in a heap

Didn't know what happened—just collapsed and went to sleep.

When I woke, Oh, God! the torment, the pain I had to stand

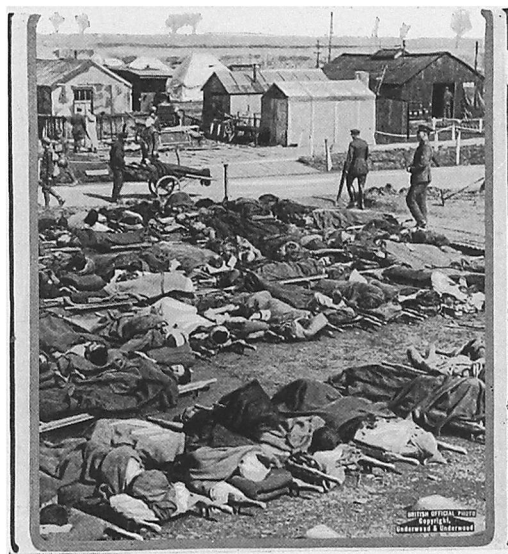
I crawled into a shell hole out there in No Man's Land.

Not a living soul was near me, but there were
plenty dead,
And a dirty German sniping every time I
raised my head.
I was hungry, cold and thirsty and weak from
loss of blood
But I prayed I wouldn't die there in that sea
of sickening mud.

The night fell. I was raving, and when kind
hands raised my head
I thought that it was Mother come to seek me
mid the dead.
But Dad, it was the Red Cross, out there in all
that hell,
Aiding friend and foe alike,—in spite of gas
and shell.

They raised and bore me gently. I thanked
the God on high
And these gallant men who found me, that I
wasn't left to die.
I'll be well soon, though the doctor and the
nurse won't tell me when
And when I am, you bet your life, I'm going
back again.

So when the Red Cross comes to you, to ask
a helping hand,
Remember what they did for me—out there in
No Man's Land.
Give every dollar you can spare to help them
carry on.
I'll close now, Dad, I'm tired. With love from
Your son,
John.



*WOUNDED SOLDIERS WAITING FOR AMBULANCES
TO TRANSPORT THEM TO BASE HOSPITALS*